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A Wish.

 FOR a song to echo down the years,
One glad, loud strain without a dismal note,
A joyous hymn to haunt a people's throat
And bid the wretched hope and smile through tears;
To cheer the drooping heart; to beat on ears
Made deaf with noise of gold; to float
Clear as a bugle call to ways remote
And charm away man's petty doubts and fears.

So nations passing through the aisles of Time
Might pause to hear and join in the refrain;
Then nerved anew to high and noble deeds
Straight onward march in harmony sublime,
Forgetting greed and misery and pain;
Stifling for aye the carking war of creeds.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

The Statesman-Martyr of England.

LEO J. HEISER, '02.



SIR THOMAS MORE was one of the great men of the world. His was a lofty character; more lofty, indeed, for having existed at the court and in the age of that sensual and cruel king known in history as the eighth Henry. "I count him a great man," Emerson says, "who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labour and difficulty. He has but to open his eyes in order to see things in their true light." Emerson did not write this of Thomas More, but how well it applies to him. His unselfishness, his childlike simplicity and his great charity, raised him far above the life of those around him, and he held commune with God. We follow More and the workings of his character with difficulty, because only with great labour

do we attain, now and then, the height in which he dwelt.

Thomas More was fifty-six years of age when the supreme trial of his life came. Wearied by his labours and the unceasing demands of Henry VIII. for his presence, More gave up the office of Lord Chancellor, which he had filled with singular ability, and he bore away into private life the assurance of the king's continued favour. He kept from Henry's court as much as possible; but he was a careful observer, and while planning his own course he was preparing for the worst, for he knew to what depths the king's ambition would drive him, urged on as he was by the flatteries of the selfish and unscrupulous sycophants of the court.

The evil that More expected soon came. Henry's divorce from Katharine of Aragon was pronounced by Cranmer, and shortly afterward a proclamation of nine articles was devised by the king's council in justification of the second marriage, and this also asserted the supremacy of the king in moral matters.

More refused to accept this doctrine, and he declared, as he had often done to the king, that the second marriage was invalid, and that his royal majesty was not the head of the Church. Sir Thomas was alive to the obligation of conscience and his duty to God, and he would not submit even when threatened by the king.

Events then followed fast towards More's condemnation. The history of that time is strange and pathetic. Sir Thomas More, the virtuous gentleman, the perfect statesman, the gentle scholar, the man that had spent the best years of his life in single-hearted devotion to his king and country—that man was hated by his king for his goodness, his uprightness; his devotion to principles and honour; and the tyrant monarch was bound to bring that noble head to shame unless he could force More's strong will to dishonour itself by

being false to conscience. Without a shred of evidence against More, but with the clearest proofs of his loyalty in his hands, Henry arraigned Sir Thomas on a charge of misprision of treason, a crime involving confiscation of property and imprisonment at the king's pleasure. All attempts to entangle More in the meshes of the law for his own actions had entirely failed; he proved himself innocent in every point. His ruin was to be effected by the course of public events in which he had no share, for he had dared to oppose the plans of the ambitious king, and "What a fool thou art," sneered the men of the court, who stifled all sense of shame and honour in order to save their wicked heads.

The day when Henry's divorce from Katharine, his marriage with Anne Boleyn and her children's right of succession were to be confirmed with oaths, was set. A parliamentary bill made it treason to oppose the succession, and misprision of treason to speak against it. All the subjects of the realm who had attained full age were obliged to take the oath in the presence of the king or his commissioners. This was a trick of a guilty ruler who bade men prove themselves unfaithful to God's Church in order to steady the tottering crown on the heads of his unlawful children.

When Sir Thomas heard this news, he felt that the great day of his sorrow and trial had come, and like a loving father, ever solicitous for the welfare of the members of his family, he hastened to prepare them for the catastrophe. On Low Sunday, in the year 1534, he received word to appear before the commissioners at Lambeth to take the new oath.

As the Sovereign Pontiff Clement VII. had, some time before, given his final decision in favour of the marriage with Katharine of Aragon, this oath of supremacy implied the rejection of his authority.

King Henry was well acquainted with More's opinions on this question of supremacy, so the command to take the new oath was nothing, more or less, than an order for the headsman to prepare his weapon. Cranmer and the other commissioners tendered Sir Thomas the sacrilegious oath, but, as was expected, he respectfully but firmly declined. He was given time to reconsider his decision, and on his second refusal was committed to the tower. The king had become so hardened, that he could no longer distinguish between

a true friend and vile flatterers who allured him to his ruin.

The Duke of Norfolk, Cromwell and Cranmer were sent to remonstrate with More in prison. The Duke of Norfolk, the Prime Minister at the time, only succeeded in proving himself More's personal enemy, and yet he feared the man of so strong and keen an intellect, and the noble character venerated throughout the kingdom and honoured in all the countries of Europe. As an Englishman he felt loath to decree the death of a man to whom his country was indebted for so many services; he could not suffer him to live, and yet he dared not strike the blow that should end his life. The wily Cromwell tried to move More with fair promises of the king and the assurance of his return to the royal favour if he would take the oath. Although More's bodily strength was shattered by his imprisonment his noble soul was still strong and vigorous. Cromwell, who was never slow to take an oath that would serve his end, swore to do his utmost to obtain More's pardon from the king; but Sir Thomas was not deceived. He knew Cromwell as a hypocrite of many years; often had he unmasked his frauds and laid open his deceits. This last interview was most bitter for More. Cromwell entered the dungeon, and shuddered at the gloom and dampness and the prisoner's misery, and a chill crept over him when he thought what would be his fate should he lose the royal favour. More was in deep thought when Cromwell strode into his cell. He was meditating on the king's ungratefulness and his own death which he knew must come soon. "O Heaven," he said, "grant that I may die with courage in Thy holy cause. And yet, O Death, thou art appalling! What dismal prospects may follow in thy train! My children, my orphans! what will be your fate when I am gone? Yet, why should I fear? Where is my faith if I trust not in Him who delights to be a father to the widow and the orphan—Cromwell here!"

"O, what a change has thy prison life wrought in thy once manly countenance! And all this suffering for a foolish notion, for the honour of Rome and your Pope!"

"Cromwell, what is your mission in my prison? You are come, no doubt, to triumph at this my apparent depression, but it is my outward form alone that suffers and is shattered; my soul has no part in its frailty."

Cromwell saw that he had made a blunder,

and with the craftiness born of experience he hastened to remedy the fault.

"Thomas More, when you were in power I did hate you, but now that you are cast down I pity you; and I pledge my solemn oath that henceforth I will do my utmost to procure your pardon from the king. Believe me, More, it is my wish to save you. Why do you fix on me that scrutinizing gaze? I see you hate me, and yet I would serve you in spite of yourself; hitherto I have used my influence to delay your trial and sentence."

More read Cromwell's thoughts, and saw into his very soul, foul-scarred with hypocrisy. His pure and honest soul was stung by Cromwell's deceit and treachery, and at last, unable to restrain his feelings, he summoned up the remaining strength in his weak body, emaciated with twelve months of life in the dungeon, and looking at Cromwell with eyes lit up by manly indignation, said: "Cromwell, if you have delayed my trial it was only in the hope that captivity would subdue my spirit and bring me groveling at the royal feet. You have miscalculated. Your power of infliction may be great, but my power of endurance is greater. The triumph you looked for you shall never achieve. You shall enjoy the triumph of seeing my head severed from my poor body and rolling in the dust, but even then, while in the agony of remorse, you'll quake and gnash your teeth in spite of yourself—you, the hypocrite, traitor, coward, will be forced to say, 'I have not conquered him.'"

Shortly before More's death his son gained admission into his cell, and implored him to yield to the king's command; to have pity on his children and save them by submission. More, whose fatherly heart was torn and bleeding, made the final renunciation of his family, and answered his son: "Cease, my child, cease to persuade your father to an unworthy act. Return to the king and tell him I am not and never will be his enemy; and that I can not obey when he commands me to overthrow the altars of my God."

The court party used every means possible in order to induce More to make a recantation on the supremacy law, but he remained obstinate. The king, at the request of the Duke of Norfolk, granted him an audience, and promised that if he submitted, no dignity in the realm would be beyond his reach. What a bait was this! But More's honest soul scorned the trick, and he told the king

that had conscience convicted him of error, he should not for an instant have delayed acknowledgment in terms most humble and submissive. Sir Thomas was too high-minded to allow any threat of prison or of ignominious death to extort from his lips the deceitful language of adulation.

Henry knew More's character well from their former intimacy, and he admitted now that he could not bend his will. Proffered reconciliation had failed, mildness had failed, even the majesty of the throne had failed to exact submission, but Henry was determined that More should be humbled, and since he would not submit, he must die. The warrant for his execution was issued. I pass over that ignominious trial and sentence that has rightly been called a "judicial murder."

On Tuesday morning, July 6, 1535, More received word from Sir Thomas Pope that it was the king's command he should die before nine o'clock that morning. The doomed man was well prepared to meet his God, and two hours later the sad procession formed to the scaffold. There is no need to relate the mournful spectacle or tell of the brutal actions of the mob, encouraged in their brutality by the royal faction. It was another instance of a martyr going to his martyrdom, of a saint of God winning his eternal crown. Thomas More joyfully mounted the platform and bared his neck for the fatal blow; and then fell the noblest head in England. The statesman-martyr died in defence of the principles of that religion which Christ had shed his blood to establish.

The centuries have rolled by and the names of Thomas More and Henry VIII. have come down to us; the former resplendent with glory that shall never die; the latter branded with infamy, the tribute of the earth's nations to his memory. History paints for us the picture of the tender, steadfast and high-souled chancellor, and that of the sensual, base and cruel monarch who not only killed his truest friend, but ever sought with fiendish cruelties to rob him of the peace and majesty of death, when the subtle blending of wit and gravity had ceased to play around his delicately chiseled mouth, and the light had gone from his deep blue eyes.

"The all-absorbing, all-encroaching despotism of Henry VIII. corrupted not only the king himself, but his parliament, his courtiers, his ministers, nay, even the nation. He turned the theory of kingship into action: 'The king

can do no wrong,' therefore men shall call right all that he does. 'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. 'What has truth to do with it?' was the thought of the men who cowered before Henry VIII. when the royal will was declared. The king's will was their one rule of faith and action." But Thomas More was not a coward or a degraded slave; he had the moral courage to oppose the monarch and his followers in their evil deeds, and say: "Stop! this must not go on." He stood for principles, and though he lost his head for his action, England of our day joins with England of his, and exclaims with deep reverence: "Thomas More, thou hast conquered."

Bigotry and narrowness of mind have at last been swept away; Truth has had a hearing, and the name of Thomas More, bright as the blush of star at eve, shines in the firmament of glory, where men love to place the names of those who have won their admiration. The life of Thomas More was one long example of all that was good and holy, upright and courageous; and the Church holds up to the world for imitation More, the statesman, parent, martyr, saint of God.

The Home Tobacco of "Old" White.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

"Old" White sat in his room and mused. It was "Old" White because it was so with the students. He hadn't been known by any other name for twenty years. Old grads that came back—whiskered and honoured men—grads that the oldest student didn't know, used to look around with a rather unfamiliar air until they saw White. Then, "Lord bless me," poking another whiskered and honoured grad in the ribs, "bless my soul, if there isn't "Old" White. He taught me botany in '77. Fine old fellow, though quite a bit fossilized and crusty. I suppose he himself will be mounted some day among his specimens. Must see him and have a talk." "Say, Dick," turning to another bewhiskered "boy," "he looks as young as away back—well, it's too far back for the old 'boys' like you and me to look upon, anyway, as the time when you and I sat on seat 2, middle row, and 'Old' White used to be forever trotting out those botanical specimens of his which he used to collect summers up in Canada. Wonder if

he's as great a smoker as ever. Well—" and then a dozen hands would grasp "Old" White's, and then inevitably to his room, for White always had an idea that his "boys," especially the old "boys," still had an overpowering interest in botany. He would show his latest collection, and the old grads would listen to strata and fossils and stone age with patience, and wonder where all their knowledge of botany had flown to.

As I said before "Old" White sat and mused. There was something remarkable about this. Not that he was an intensely practical man, but he was always busy at botany, was White. Therefore, something must have befallen him. There had. Now, to go back a little so as to understand this whole affair. White hadn't been home in twenty years. Hadn't time, he said, when anyone approached him on the subject, which was not often, and besides, he usually added, there were no longer any ties that bound him to home. As a settling argument he wound up, "and finally, there are such splendid specimens up in Canada that have never yet been found, and I have but a few years more and I must complete my collection." And then the conversation usually ran off into botany in general and those Canadian specimens in particular.

Now, what caused "Old" White to muse? It was nothing scarcely, one would think, to cause a man of three score and five, whose habits were always steady, to sit there and smoke and muse—it was a big, a very big jar of tobacco, and plain leaf at that. There it sat on the table, and "Old" White was in the big chair smoking the leaf and musing. "Strange," he remarked softly, "that I never knew about that tobacco before. That tobacco certainly is good, it is excellent. So that tobacco was grown on the old Halstead place. That place always did grow the best tobacco in that county. And strange I never thought of it before, especially since I am so hard to suit for tobacco." And then "Old" White reached over on the desk for a letter that had come that afternoon. He carefully adjusted his spectacles and read for the fifth time:

"W—, N. Y., June 4, 189—."

"MY DEAR JAMES:—(White grunted a little as he read the heading, for he hadn't heard anything but "Old White" or "Professor" in a long time.) I haven't heard from you in a great many years, but to-day being a great occasion I decided to drop you a line along

with the package which I hope you received O. K. You know I am in New York now in the wholesale coffee business. I decided to take a run up to the old town last week for a little rest—the city is pretty hot at this time of year—and kind of see what changes had taken place. I haven't been up there, you know, since the Fall of '92.

"Arrived last Thursday. Was standing a day or two afterwards, in the afternoon, in front of the hotel register, and who do you think wandered in and registered? Why, old Jim Coleman. Jim that left before you and I did. Why, I knew him the minute I saw him. Well, Jim has the same old laugh, and really I felt twenty years younger after he and I had supper and sat smoking out on the big front porch of the Hoag House and talked old times.

"The Hoag House is about as it used to be, only they have put in electric lights and a big porch on the north side toward Doc Remsen's house.

"Jim is in the oil business out West and doing well. About the same fever struck him as me, I guess, to see the old town and everything and get a rest.

"Well, Jim and I walked down yesterday to the old school-house. We went through the 'cut' through Riordan's woods—and, say, when we went in the old door and saw the names of the 'boys' around on the walls, well, Jim and I kind of laughed, but I was noticing Jim, and he was smiling till he got around on the south side and saw M. N. cut in the wall. You knew Mary Newman? The one that married Tom Jameson? (I guess that was the reason Jim went West). Anyway, Jim looked pretty thoughtful going back to the hotel for supper. We got to talking about different things after supper, and the more we talked about old times, the more Jim and I both agreed we needed a good rest, and so we have decided to stay until September.

"Well, to come down to the point, Jim and I got to talking about you three or four days ago. Jim said he'd heard out West that you were a great botanist—a professor of botany in a university, I believe. He'd been reading about you in some journal or magazine. I'd been told here by some of the old people that you hadn't been back in twenty years; so Jim and I talked it over, and we decided to send you something to bring back old times. We didn't know at first just what it ought to be, but finally Jim said he'd read in this same sketch of you in the magazine that you were—

well, excuse the word—a 'tobacco crank'. I knew you used to be the hardest man to suit for tobacco, so Jim and I decided to send you some of the old York state weed, some grown right here. So we sent you this. It was grown on the old Halstead place, you remember, right across from the school-house. We didn't know anything that would suit you better, since Jim and I are a little shy on botany. Please try it.

"We are going down to the Seneca tonight to have a little still fishing and a moonlight row.

"With best wishes from your old friends.

I am very sincerely,

"THOMAS B. CLAYSON."

"Old" White let the letter drop gently in his lap, relighted his pipe, straightened a little more in the big chair, and mused. He sat a long time, only moving to refill the pipe, and each time he looked at the big jar with more and more attention until his fourth pipefull at which he looked at the long leaf with positive regard, with as much regard, I think, as he had looked at anything in twenty years, outside of that Canadian collection.

He mused and smoked a long time, and strange, he couldn't think of anything but a little school-house and low hills and woods and two "boys" sitting on the big porch of a hotel, and other things which had little to do with botany—and he always got back to taking a long look at the jar.

Finally, "Old" White arose from the big chair and forever disgraced himself in the presence of that Canadian collection by softly humming snatches from an old swimmin' song of years and years ago. Then he went out for a walk.

Eight hundred students lay out on the grass on the campus, and like the Mussulmans toward Mecca, they religiously faced the electric lights of the distant city which showed here and there between the trees. They were smoking and singing "Auld Lang Syne," I think it was, when "Old" White came slowly around the corner of the gym. He was absorbed in thought, and a rather pleasant and half-reminiscent smile was on his face which gradually changed into a thoughtful one as he came round the corner and the full chorus came strong and sweet to him. He stopped and pulled vigorously on his pipe. As he listened a moment and stood there unobserved—well, evidently the tobacco or something had affected him, for he straightened up, puffed

more vigorously than ever, and much to his astonishment caught himself humming a strain of the song. He wondered why this song hadn't struck him like this before. He had heard it on this same campus for twenty years. He had taken these walks before on beautiful evenings in June, and the same crowd of jolly students had sung, and the same sweet strains had come to him through the twilight, and yet they had never before taken his mind from the Canadian collection. He wondered what had happened. Then he thought again of the little school-house and the porch, and other things. When the campus started

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like—

"Old" White dumped the ashes from his pipe and walked off in the darkness.

A few days afterward, on the big porch of the Hoag House, there sat three old gentlemen pretty well advanced in years, but they talked and laughed and told stories about things and persons that only the old inhabitants could understand and appreciate. One of them, a queerly-dressed old gentleman, with a silk hat, spectacles and long gray hair and a cane, talked and laughed pretty loudly.

Every evening the three old gentlemen sat on the porch and talked. The Fourth of July came round, and such a Fourth! the oldest inhabitant never remembered such a one before. It seemed to the small boy that the attractions and amusements and general good time must be all a dream. They tell yet around the stove in Brown's news-room on winter nights how much each of those three old gentlemen who used to sit evenings on the big porch of the Hoag House and talk, gave to the town committee. Each lounge has a different amount, and the amounts are all placed pretty high, but the final appeal is always taken to old Brown himself who was on the committee which had approached those three old gentlemen, and timidly asked them for a contribution toward the celebration. Brown always has the fullest attention as he states every detail of how each of those three eagerly placed his name down for—well, I don't know as you would believe the amount, but Brown swears it's so. Brown always hunches his chair a little closer to the stove and assumes a mysterious air as he relates how each of those three came around separately, and after swearing Brown to secrecy, threw some more into the general

sum under the heading of general contribution.

Brown says he never expects to see another Fourth like that. "Why, it just seemed," relates Brown, "that every kid in town hung round that porch most of the day. And the supply of fire-crackers and such stuff as those three old gents handed out from that porch was somethin' amazin'." And at night, after old 'Squire Johnson had done with the last speech of the day, well sir, those three old gents fired off more Roman candles, and pin-wheels, and some more stuff of different colours, like's I'd never seen before, than seemed to me would fill a box-car.

"And those gents with all their silk hats and canes, helped to boost McCullom's youngest kid up the greasy pole to get the fiver that was on top. And old widow McCarthy's youngest kid there, Tommy, who had an eye near blown off with a big cracker—well, the old widow would never tell—but that kid went to the hospital in Syracuse, and they tell me he was doctored and had fruit an' one thing'n another, and the widow was never particularly prosperous as I ever knew of. But the neighbours tell me, and old Miss Beecher that lives next door told me, that they saw that old gent with the specs and plug hat and cane, the old gent that looked kind o' funny, comin' out of the widow's house a day or so after the Fourth. Anyway, boys, I'll tell you this town'll never see another Fourth like that one, and I'll never be on another committee again that'll strike three old gents—total strangers to me—and have 'em shell out the way those gents did." Brown usually gets reflective at this stage of the recital and lapses into silence to think about that Fourth.

After the whole thing was over and there was nothing on the streets but smouldering fire-crackers and general ruin, and the last small boy had been coralled by the anxious parent and taken home to have his wounds dressed, after this particular glorious Fourth was over, three old gentlemen sat on the big porch of the Hoag house, and one they called Tom shifted his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, and said: "This beats the Fourth in New York all hollow. Best Fourth I've seen in forty years." And another old gentleman with spectacles and gray hair, laid his plug hat carefully on the railing and said, while he wiped his face: "Bless me! I haven't thought of botany nor my Canadian collection for over four weeks." And they all said "good-night," and went up to bed.

Varsity Verse.

THE BROOK.

THE little brook with pleasing murmur glides
Thro' meadows bright by woodlands shadowed
o'er;

Its waters clear o'er rounded pebbles pour,
Kissing with gentle touch its teeming sides.
Thus calmly on it goes with eddying tides,
No foaming waves, no rising billows roar;
But ever on as softly as before
Mid-golden sands, where'er its channel guides.

O would that thus life's rough and devious stream,
With all its storms, its tempests and its care,
Flowed as the babbling brook so peacefully;
While I, like one in rapture and in dream,
Might float upon its swelling bosom fair
Into the haven of eternity!

G. F.

VACATION.

Homeward bound and back again
In rosy June and fair September.
Time will fly 'twixt now and then,
Homeward bound and back again;
Minims once ere long we're men,
Summer "recs" to scarce remember,
Homeward bound and back again
In rosy June and fair September.

E. F. Q.

AUTUMN'S PROMISE.

Soft echoes of summer song
Thrill in the leafless trees,
And perfumes of seeded flowers
Still linger on the leas.

And the wind brings a thought of March
The while he moans and grieves
And scatters adown the meadow
Armfuls of withered leaves.

C. L. O'D.

TRIOLETS.

I.

When eyes are blue
And cheeks are fair,
I greet the view.
When eyes are blue,
I think of you,
And banish care.
When eyes are blue
And cheeks are fair.

II.

While your eyes so brown
Are kindly true
From state or town
(Oh, your eyes so brown!)
What is renown
To me or you,—
While your eyes so brown
Are kindly true.

F. H. McK.

A Catastrophe.

GALLITZEN FARABAUGH, '04.

Wilmer Gray was conceited. He had the reputation of being the most ostentatious and egotistical individual that ever trod the streets of Woodlawn. This criticism, however, must be somewhat exaggerated, and must have been passed by some prejudiced old women whose daughters, perhaps, Wilmer had slighted. Nevertheless, he did have a remarkably high opinion of himself, and this was noted even by his more intimate friends, who were on that account comparatively few.

At the theatre Wilmer always occupied a box, and excited the jealousy of his less-fortunate fellow-creatures by the glitter of his diamonds and gold-mounted opera-glasses. On the street he would attract the attention of everybody from the millionaire down to humblest newsboy by his "Yale" walk, eye-glass and gold-headed cane; and it was not uncommon for a passing schoolboy to greet him with "Cholly."

But taunts and sarcasms were a matter of little care to Wilmer, for his father was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in Woodlawn, and Wilmer was an only son. Besides he consoled himself with the thought that there was not a girl in the entire city he could not marry at any moment if he so desired. At least this was his opinion of the matter; and he made it a point to become immediately devoted to every young lady he met, until he was sure he had won her affections, after which she shared the fate of many another.

He had one predominant fault, namely, his prodigious extravagance, which was bound sooner or later to bring him down from his lofty pedestal. This fault arose out of his inordinate love for dress and excessive fondness to display his wealth. Moreover, he was socially compelled to be lavish with his money in order to keep on the good side of his friends: for since his manner was anything but agreeable, they stayed by him chiefly to be the object of his expenditures. Anyhow, money seemed to be a burden to him, and he spared no expense in the gratification of a desire.

Wilmer's father was well aware of his son's prodigality, but threats and admonitions proved in vain. So at last the former was

compelled to lessen his son's allowance, hoping thereby to instil in him a slight idea of frugality. This again had very little immediate effect on the routine of Wilmer's life; but, whereas before the diminution of his income Wilmer used to have a little money in his pocket, now he had none. He did not, however, make any visible change in his dress or demeanor. His head was still as high, his opinion of himself still as exalted, although in truth his pocket-book was very much lower.

But after all there is no teacher like experience. A single incident served to act as a severe lesson for him, and from that time his character underwent a complete transformation.

On one occasion Wilmer resolved to spend the afternoon with a few friends who lived in the neighboring town of Fairbrook some miles up the river. He accordingly clothed himself in his best, for he wished to make the best possible impression upon the simple and less cultured inhabitants of Fairbrook. Then after procuring a ten dollar bill from his reluctant sire, he was off to meet his friends.

The latter were a jolly set of fellows who cared very little for the fastidious Wilmer, but who on the other hand liked exceedingly well the generous way in which he handled his money. Hence as long as he was willing to permit them to share it, they were pleased to let him form one of their company.

They greeted our friend's arrival with becoming politeness, and were delighted at the thought of having a little fun at his expense. So immediately amusements were planned, and a complete programme was made for the afternoon. Wilmer entered with a true spirit into these affairs, and by some peculiar chance the bills were always handed to him. He of course was obliged to keep up appearances, and not endanger his past reputation; and many times in the afternoon was it necessary to make demands on the ten dollar bill. But this could not last forever, and the contents of his purse was soon reduced to a few coins. Wilmer, however, was not much dismayed; for a return ticket lay safely deposited in his overcoat pocket, which would enable him to reach home without inconvenience or embarrassment. So the afternoon passed quickly by, and Wilmer parted from his friends well satisfied that he still retained their favour.

That evening as Wilmer was waiting for his boat, pondering over recent events, and the remarkable rapidity with which his ten dollar bill had disappeared, he was aroused from his reveries by the sound of feminine voices. He looked around and saw standing near, a group of ladies. Wilmer at once was interested; and approaching nearer he recognized among the group a certain Miss Williams. The latter had lately moved to his street in Woodlawn, but as yet he had not made her acquaintance. This fact, however, can not be accounted for by any fault or indifference on Wilmer's part: for he had tried every means possible to make himself known to her. He had even gone so far on one occasion as to introduce himself, and in consequence suffered a complete humiliation.

And what made his discomfiture worse, Miss Williams was acknowledged to be the belle of the town and the prettiest girl in many miles. She was a typical blonde, tall and stately with regular features: and her kind manner and lovable disposition, although she had lived only a short time in Woodlawn, had already won for her the name of being the most popular girl in the city. But in addition to this she was modest and unassuming, and her friendship was sought by many admirers.

Hence we can hardly blame frivolous and whimsical Wilmer Gray for being so completely enamoured with this new phantom of his imagination; but with whom, as I have said before, he had as yet been unable to establish any friendly relations. It may be that Miss Williams had heard of the capricious nature and idiosyncracies of Wilmer and had therefore avoided him, or whether chance alone had prevented these remarkably different characters from coming together, I am not in a position to say. Anyhow Wilmer had not lost hope, but rather was the more determined to meet Miss Williams.

So recognizing in one of the group a lady of his acquaintance who lived in Fairbrook, he saw his chance, and he resolved not to let this opportunity escape him. Trying to assume his most attractive mien, he politely accosted his friend and was introduced to all. The party consisted of his friend, Miss Williams, her mother and aunt. The latter three had been visiting Wilmer's friend that afternoon, and were now returning to their home in Woodlawn.

Miss Williams politely bowed to Mr. Gray,

but to that gentleman's utter chagrin and astonishment, she was not so perfectly infatuated with him as he imagined she would be. In fact, beyond what etiquette demanded, she gave him very little attention. Wilmer, it is true, was greatly surprised and perplexed, for he had not thought that it was possible for any young lady to withstand his irresistible charms; but nevertheless he was not discouraged. So when the boat was seen approaching, the proposal of Wilmer's friend that he should see the ladies safely to their destination was received with much pleasure by him; for he hoped to advance himself in Miss Williams' graces on the journey.

Only after he had accepted the proposal, however, did he think of his financial condition. Would it allow him to play the part of a gentleman? He knew he could not in accordance with good manners, and without endangering his past reputation as well as the opinion Miss Williams had for him, or might have for him, accompany the ladies and not pay their fare on the boat. Then he realized the awkwardness of his position. He had only a few small coins, and the fare would be a dollar each. Of course he had his own return ticket; but he could not take them all on that. What was he to do? Suddenly remember a previous engagement and hastily retire? No! For not only would the ladies think this strange and him forgetful, but he would lose his chance to captivate Miss Williams. He had not a minute's time for deliberation; for there was the boat, and the ladies were saying good-bye.

He was about to give himself up as lost, when luckily for him a hope of rescue flashed across his mind. Excusing himself on the pretense of getting something to smoke, and assuring the ladies with much vehemence that he would be back immediately—though I doubt whether they cared very much—he started around the corner. Fortune was with him; for the first thing that met his eyes after turning the corner was just what he wanted, a pawnshop. "Give me three dollars on this?" he said hastily, rushing into the apartment, and at the same time tendering his fine overcoat.

"Certainly, and more too," replied the man with the aquiline nose and greenish spectacles, handing him the desired amount, after carefully examining the proffered article.

"No, this is sufficient," said Wilmer, taking the money and hurrying out of the shop.

Three dollars would see him safely through this difficulty, and on the morrow he could return and recover the coat. Feeling very much elated at the clever way in which he had escaped from such a serious predicament, he reached the boat. As he had hoped the ladies were already on board, and were apparently little concerned about his absence. They would remark nothing about the disappearance of his coat thinking he had left it in the check room.

Everything went on smoothly, except perhaps for the perturbed condition of Wilmer's mind. He was greatly disappointed, and not a little displeased at Miss Williams' demeanor towards him. She treated him civilly, it is true; but it was a deep mystery to him why she should not become wholly captivated with his handsome figure and ready wit. It was impossible, thought he, that any young lady could so totally disregard him, once she became cognizant of his perfections. Hence he persevered in his effort by word and deed to bring his excellent qualities under the observation of Miss Williams. He assumed every advantageous pose in order to display his manly and graceful form. He hurled at her all the wise sayings and clever witticisms he had so successfully employed in the allurements of others of her sex. He taxed his memory and vocabulary to the utmost. He poured into the unappreciative ear of Miss Williams compliment after compliment. He admired her eyes, he praised her hair, he extolled her complexion. Blondes he said were his favourite types of feminine beauty. He even went so far as to assist an old lady on the opposite side of the boat to recover the contents of a package which a youngster had thrust upon the floor, in the hope of exciting a spark of sympathy and admiration in the petrified heart of Miss Williams; something he would have disdained to do under any other circumstance. All in vain. She remained unconquered and unmoved by all his intrigues.

At length the conductor came around for the tickets. Here was Wilmer's last hope. Accordingly he produced the three dollars, paid the fare of the ladies after many protestations on the part of the elder two, and reached into his pocket for his return ticket. Alas! he had left it in the overcoat which he had taken to the pawn shop. It is useless to say our hitherto arrogant and supercilious gallant was obliged to crawl under the seat.

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The Board of Editors.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902 H. EWING BROWN, 1902

FRANCIS BARRY, 1903

REPORTER.

J. PATRICK O'REILLY

—The formal opening of the college year at Notre Dame took place on last Sunday morning, and never before on such an occasion, were so many students present. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. James French who was assisted by Fathers Regan and Ready. The Very Reverend President, Father Morrissey, preached the sermon, which, besides containing much timely advice on the subject of education, was an eloquent exposition of the attitude of the Catholic Church on the social problems of the day. He mentioned moral courage and obedience to proper authority as qualities which the student should try particularly to cultivate, and urged his listeners not to be dreamers, but to busy themselves with the realities of the present. "Every student," he added, "should take advantage of the opportunities here afforded him of becoming manlier, nobler, purer, and more firmly rooted on the rock of principle." Labour, obedience, prayer,—these were his watchwords for success.

—It is very probable that the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding will open the lecture course on the evening of October 10 or 11. Bishop Spalding has headed the list of lecturers at Notre Dame for many years, and we are glad to welcome him back this year. His lectures in the past have always proved of absorbing interest to the students, and he has given us many words of wise counsel and deep thought to carry with us in all our

work. We look forward with pleasure to another hour with him..

The lecture course this year will also include at least one lecture by the Hon W. P. Breen, A. B. '77, A. M. '80, LL. D. '02. Those who heard Mr. Breen's address at Commencement last year know his ability. To those who have never been brought under the spell of his forceful eloquence we would say that he is one of Notre Dame's most highly prized alumni and one of Indiana's most noted lawyers. He will be with us soon.

—It too often happens that students commit the blunder of giving little attention to their class work at the beginning of the session. They flatter themselves that sometime before examination they will make up for lost ground. A more regrettable mistake is seldom made, as those that have had experience well know. The little done systematically and well that counts—not the "plugging" on the eve of examination. The curriculum has been so arranged that a certain amount of work is apportioned to each session, and the instructor makes a further daily adjustment. The system has been devised for the student's benefit, and if he fails to conform to it he usually has reason to feel sorry. We may sometimes mislead an examiner; and, more rarely, even an instructor, but we can not impose upon ourselves without knowing it and regretting that we have done so.

—In the current issue of *Mosher's Magazine* there is an article by Dr. James J. Walsh, prompted, it seems, by the appearance of a work which Alpheus Packard, the author, entitles "Lamarck—the Founder of Evolution—His Life and Works." In his paper, Dr. Walsh first outlines briefly the career of the famous botanist, showing how at an early age he entered the French army, won promotion for gallantry in action but a few days after enlistment, and later drifted into the study of medicine during which time he became especially interested in botany. At length he was the most eminent botanist of his times. From his deep studies in botany and biology, which science also shared his attention, there evolved that startling conclusion of his, Evolution. But alas for Lamarck! his utterances on Evolution were an anachronism. Lamarck was too far in advance of his age. The time

was not yet when one preaching this new doctrine would be hearkened to with respect. Only a few warm friends did not join in the universal opposition against which he had to contend. But besides that courage which he displayed physically on the battlefield as a youth, he proved at this time that he was possessed also of moral courage which is nobler still. It was this courage which supported him during those dreary days when he labored faithfully and longed intensely for the sympathy which he did not receive. During his life men did not smile on him for the work he did; but a day of triumph was to come. This day is now dawning, as Dr. Walsh tells us, and men are beginning to see that not the gloriously heralded Darwin but the humble and heroic Lamarck is the founder and first expounder of the theory of Evolution.

—“The hour before breakfast” forms the subject of an interesting editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post*. According to the writer, “we do not half appreciate the morning—especially that hour before breakfast when the faculties have come from their rest with new lights and garnered energies. Who have made the best marks? Those who used the fag-ends of the hours, and sat not on the porch until the bell rang, but found something to do.” This is timely information for the student. What made Alfred the Great the most useful and progressive king that ever ruled in England? In a great measure the faculty he had of turning time to the best account. “I find time,” he said, “by never losing it.” So should it be with us. We are too prone to squander those odd moments that have been well called the gold dust of life.

—The lack of conformity between author and illustrator has lately brought out some pertinent remarks. Two stars in one company scarcely ever bring satisfactory and practical results. When an illustrator commands the financial and artistic prestige he does at present, the author is well-nigh bound to furnish him sightly heroes and heroines and attendant circumstances of high artistic possibility. And, in case that the author may have ideas of his own as to the physical shortcomings of his mental children, the artist's delicate nature is at once disturbed.

Imagine a paragraph in description of an heroine who is far from a Venus in beauty, and whose inward charms find small outward expression—imagine this person illustrated after the bold lines of one of *Gibson's* young ladies. Verily, the author had always much to beset him; now must he consult his illustrator and get beforehand the substance to come from his *inspired* pen.

—The presence of daily college papers has made a noticeable difference in the literary output of many of our universities. The *Record-Herald* says that there are fourteen institutions of learning that now have their own newspapers edited and published by the students for the students. In many instances, however, the size of the institution makes possible weekly and monthly publications in addition to the daily. These other publications are better done and aim more or less toward a literary standard of student production. *The Daily Maroon* is the name of the new Chicago University daily. At Columbia *The Spectator*, one of the oldest college periodicals of the country, one that has passed through the weekly and tri-weekly stage, is now to be issued daily. Indiana University also starts a new daily publication this year.

The college daily, though not so general until recently, has been in existence since 1873. The Harvard *Crimson*, which was founded in 1873 under a different name, was the first college daily. The Yale *Daily News* and Cornell *Daily Sun* followed in 1876 and 1880, respectively. The *Daily Princetonian* and *Pennsylvanian* soon appeared, according to the *Record-Herald*. The college daily is held to be an essential organ in a major university as a faithful record of student opinion and college affairs. If it has faults, in a number of the universities the Faculty now make official use of the daily.

—We took occasion last week to refer to the football team—more students to try for it and all to support it. The students, however, that indulge in football practice are comparatively few, taking the whole attendance at the University into account. Those that see little in football to attract them should have recourse to other forms of exercise. We have a splendid gymnasium and a thoroughly competent instructor, so that all who wish may gratify their athletic tastes. It ought to be

borne in mind too that physical culture should receive its due share of attention. The very fact that the University authorities went to the trouble and expense of erecting a new gymnasium while the ashes of the old one were still warm, shows the importance they attach to its purpose. During the summer we visited some similar institutions in the East and we were pleased to note that the gymnasium at Notre Dame can compare favorably with the best. No expense has been spared in equipping the various departments with the latest apparatus. It remains for the students to avail themselves of the advantages thus offered. Bacon wrote that reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man. Judicious physical exercise does still more: it helps to make a man strong, healthy and cheerful.

—There are certain qualities that fit a man for every calling in life, and the more he cultivates these qualities the more likely is he to succeed. Nowadays the tendency is to specialize in every branch of industry, in every profession or even aspect of a profession. In business the most successful men are said to be those that have devoted their lives from their very youth to the mastering of their special department. Examples are not wanting to show that the majority of successful business men are not college bred. This fact places the college man at a decided disadvantage when, full of high hopes, he struts into business society for the first time. But he soon alters his mien. Employers never fail to inquire the extent of his experience, and the mere mention of college, in nine cases out of ten, puts an end to negotiations.

If the college man is by any chance employed, he is forced to work for a salary at the mention of which he feels ashamed, and worse still, he is forced to associate with men that can have no sympathy with his transcendental notions.

We can not make the average business man understand or admire the advantages of a college education. He can not even be induced in many cases to give a college man a trial. Unless, then, the college man has some patrimony on which to rely, or some influential friends to push him forward, he may some day regret that he did not study a few vulgar business principles in connection with his classical and philosophical pursuits.

—It is to be regretted that comparatively few students strike the golden mean between utilitarianism and idealism in education. It is a common occurrence to hear a study decried because it seems to be lacking in practical worth. "What good will Latin do me?" one will say. "I won't need it. I expect to be a merchant, and I'm somewhat confused in my dates if Latin didn't go out of business as a commercial language a good many years ago." Such a one seems to think that everything he learns should all but show on the face of it just how much in dollars and cents it will add to his future bank account. Some of his studies may not add anything; but they do what is better when they teach him to devote a portion of his life to higher ideals than the pursuit of the mighty dollar. The real and apparent values of a thing often differ; and not more in school than elsewhere, should we jump to hasty conclusions. It might be well to take something for granted; later we may see a usefulness we did not dream of before.

On the other hand, the boy who thinks the school-room a wholly different world, and who neither sees nor tries to see any connection between his studies and his own life, makes as great a mistake as the first. True, if he is a good student he will be benefited anyway, but the earlier he begins the search for the relation of education to life, the sooner will he become, in the true sense, an educated man. Knowledge for its own sake is little better than ignorance. Were it possible for a man to master all the philosophy of the schools, if he could not use it in his own life or in bettering the lives of others, it would be to him no more than so much rubbish.

Between these two radical views is the happy mean: take a broad view of the practical, but remember that one's studies are useful not only in a general, but in a very particular way, and not for the future alone but even now.

—The names of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Laws were unintentionally omitted from the list of this year's Seniors published in the SCHOLASTIC last week. They number twelve. They are: Omer D. Green, R. C. Stephan, H. H. Davitt, Francis B. Hughes, W. P. Higgins, P. J. McNamara, G. F. Ziegler, E. F. Quigley, F. P. Burke, J. W. Dubbs, D. T. Keeley and V. G. Jones.

Athletic Notes.

The Annual Inter-Hall Track Meet will occur this year on October 13. The meet is open to all, ex-Varsity men and others, and is generally one of the most interesting contests of the year. This year it promises to be more so than ever, on account of the unusually large number of new students that have had experience in this branch of athletics. The date set for the meet is not very far off, so those desiring to compete had better begin practising at once if they wish to make a respectable showing. We suggest that the members of the various halls get together at once and elect captains. Those wishing to enter should hand in their names to H. E. Kirby.

Philip Butler has been re-engaged to look after the physical condition of the football men for the coming season. "Doc." was very successful with last year's squad.

The SCHOLASTIC regrets its inability to furnish its readers with the Varsity's schedule, as it has not as yet been completed. There are a few games still hanging fire, which the management says will be settled within the coming week. This afternoon the Varsity starts on its career for the season of '02, its opponent being the sturdy eleven of the Michigan Agricultural College. This game will serve to give us a line on our men and show where we are weak.

The coach problem is still unsettled. Something definite regarding this matter may be expected in a short time.

The Inter-Hall team is now fairly under way and promises to be very fast. The candidates have been given some good practice during the past week, and expect to be able to defeat the strong eleven of Culver Military Academy next Thursday. The following are the members of the team: Toner, Stephan (captain), O'Phelan, G. McDermott, Petritz, Diskin, Hogan, Maypole, Staley, Diskin, Opfergelt, Fahey, Williams, Medley, Wagner and O'Relay. Manager Clarke has arranged the following schedule:

South Bend High School at South Bend.....	Sept. 25
Co. F. (I. N. G.) at Notre Dame.....	" 28
Culver at Culver.....	Oct. 2
South Bend High School at Notre Dame....	" 9
Dowagiac at Notre Dame.....	" 18
Benton Harbor at Notre Dame.....	" 23
Goshen at Goshen.....	Nov. 1
Laporte at Laporte.....	" 13
Benton Harbor at Benton Harbor.....	" 20
N D. High School (Chicago) at Notre Dame..	" 27

The Varsity's prospects are brightening every day. The old members are rapidly rounding into form, while some of the new candidates are doing splendid work. The squad now numbers twenty-seven men, of which eight are members of last year's team. The majority of the new candidates have had considerable experience on high school and preparatory teams. The only trouble, Captain Salmon says, will be in finding linemen to fill the gap made by the absence of Farragher, Winter, Pick, and Fortin. Center position we need have no fear of, as O'Malley has shown that he is admirably fitted to take care of it. Guards and tackles are the men Captain Salmon has to develop. For the former places, O'Connor and Beacom are making the strongest bid. These two men have the weight, but are new at the game. They are exceptionally fast for their weight, and with good coaching may develop into valuable men. If they do, with O'Malley at center, we will have one of the heaviest center trios in the country.

The back field this year ought to be as fast as any in the West. James L. Doar, our famous right half of last year's team, has returned, and he, with Salmon, full back, and Kirby, when he gets in shape, at the other half, will make a very hard trio to keep from gaining. McGlew is, if anything, faster than ever before at quarter, and we all know what a valuable man he was during our championship games. The most promising among the other candidates for the back fields are Funk, Cullinan, O'Connor, Draper, McDermott, and Silver. The ends, Lonergan and Nyere, are getting into the game with their usual vim, and will help to make our back field the peer of any in the Western colleges. The two tackle positions are the most serious problem that those in charge will have to contend with. The candidates for this position are all light men, and, with one or two exceptions, are "greenhorns" at the game. Fansler and Desmond are making the best showing for the positions. Fansler, although light, is very

fast and has plenty of pluck and endurance. This is Desmond's first attempt at tackle.

The SCHOLASTIC does not intend to assume the rôle of prophet, but it feels safe in saying that it firmly believes the men of this year will prove themselves the equals, if not the superiors, of any of their predecessors. All they need is the encouragement of the student body, and of this we hasten to assure them.

J. P. O'REILLY.

A Word about our Newspaper Correspondents.

The chronic knockers have been using their hammers of late on the local correspondents for the Chicago papers because of the fact that no column articles have been printed about Notre Dame athletics. We would say a word in defence of these newspaper men.

In the first place, it is wrong to suppose that it rests entirely with the reporter to decide what and how much shall be printed about Notre Dame happenings. Were this the case, we would have the column article about Notre Dame in every issue of each of the Chicago papers. It is to the interest of the reporter to have as much news printed about Notre Dame as possible. It costs him nothing to send the news, and he is paid according to the amount of news he sends; but he can send no news until he receives an order from the paper. The process is simple. When he thinks he has a good news item, he telegraphs a "query" to the paper, stating as briefly as possible the main facts; the editor then telegraphs back an order for an article of as many words as he thinks the importance of the news justifies. The reporter then writes out his report in conformity to this order, limiting himself to the number of words called for, and telegraphs it to the paper. This is the plan followed by all the morning papers. The newspaper pays all telegraph tolls, and the reporter is paid only in proportion to the number of words he sends in during each month. It can readily be seen that it is to the reporter's interest to have as much stuff printed as possible; and he will query on anything that bears the slightest resemblance to news. As a matter of fact, the Notre Dame correspondents are noted in the Chicago offices for their persistency in querying, and their eagerness to have reports of Notre Dame affairs printed.

The second reason for the meagreness of

the reports regarding Notre Dame, especially just now, regarding the football team, is found in a little editorial of Mr. Horatio W. Seymour, editor of the *Chicago Chronicle*. It lies in the fact that "news is information that is interesting to everybody or somebody." And the value of the information as news is in proportion to the depth of interest it bears and the number of those whom it interests. And the reasons why information regarding Notre Dame's football team this year is not of much value as news, is because Notre Dame is not a member of the Conference, will play very few of the Conference colleges, and will not be a factor in the Western championship, even should the team win every game on the schedule. The Conference colleges and their friends are not interested in information regarding Notre Dame's football team because they are not going to play against Notre Dame; and the readers of sporting news generally are not so very much interested in Notre Dame reports because Notre Dame is not a prominent factor in the contest for the Western championship.

The fact that oftentimes reports are printed that are not of much general interest is also explained by Mr. Seymour. He frankly admits, a fact well known to everyone, that all the matter that is printed in newspapers is not news. The paper must be published at stated hours, and whether there is news or not, its columns must be filled; and reports of minor interest are then accepted just to "fill up space." Notre Dame reports fill a large amount of this vacant "space."

Don't blame the reporters; they're doing the best they can, and Notre Dame's being very creditably represented, considering our unfortunate position in athletics just at present. When we have convinced the powers that be in Western athletics that Notre Dame is working under rules as strict as those governing athletics in any of the Conference colleges, and that under the strictest rules Notre Dame is able to send out teams able to rank well up in the first division in every sport, Notre Dame will be admitted to the Conference. Notre Dame news will then be important. Nearly all the papers are well disposed toward Notre Dame; and they are using more news from Notre Dame than from any other non-Conference college. In fact, one daily paper told its Notre Dame correspondent to "cut down your telegraph tolls or you'll swamp the paper."

H. E. B.

Personals.

—Father Manning from Lima, Ohio, was a guest at the University during the week.

—"Jimmie" Taylor, an old student of Notre Dame, is at present attending New York University.

—Tom Murray, another New Yorker and a former student and athlete, holds a responsible position in one of the city banks.

—Mr. William Walsh of Highwood, Ill., made a brief call to see his nephew, Master Edward Matthews of Carroll Hall.

—Peter P. McElligott, one of last year's Law graduates, is engaged with a prominent firm of lawyers on Broadway, New York City.

—Martin O'Shaughnessy, one of Notre Dame's former students and athletes, made a short stay at the University on Friday. All his old friends—and he has many here—were glad to see him.

—John Pick, Law '02, has charge of the legal business of the firm of Pick and Co. of West Bend, Wisconsin. While at Notre Dame Mr. Pick was a leader as a student and an athlete, and we hope his success will be continued in his new position.

—Dr. Stoeckley, of South Bend, has lately been the recipient of a signal honour. The Northern Indiana Dental Association recently elected him their secretary and treasurer. The Doctor, who, it will be remembered, donated a gold medal to the most successful athlete at Notre Dame last year, has many friends among the students who will learn with pleasure of his distinction.

—Mr. Wm. J. Onahan, Lætare Medalist in 1899, has been appointed the third member of the arbitration board which is to settle the labour dispute between the Union Traction Company and its employes. Mr. Onahan is the non-partisan member of the board, and he is selected because of his recognized sterling honesty. He is widely known as one of the foremost Catholic laymen of the United States, and has received decorations and titles from Pope Leo.

—We reprint the following from the *Boston Pilot*:

Judge Thomas E. Callaghan, the first Catholic judge ever elected in Cleveland, and R. A. Burk, superintendent of the Workhouse, have been appointed by Governor Nash, of Ohio, delegates to the National Prison Congress to be held at Philadelphia from September 13 to 17. Judge Callaghan is a graduate of Notre Dame University and prominent in Catholic circles, as is Mr. Burk, who is said to be the best superintendent the Workhouse ever had. The latter teaches a Sunday School class in the Workhouse every Sunday.

We congratulate Governor Nash on his wise selection, and we doff our hats to Judge Callaghan, who so worthily represents his state at Philadelphia.

Local Items.

—Students anxious to join the band or orchestra should apply to Professor Peterson at the band room.

—Students wishing an interview with Father Morrissey are requested to call at Room 32, Main Building, between 9:30 and 12 a. m.

—A meeting of the members of the Fire Department will be held in the Law room at 7:30 on Sunday evening. Father Ready hopes for a large attendance.

—The students attended a singing rehearsal on Friday morning. Congregational singing has been resumed, and there is no reason why it should not become popular.

—The continuous influx of new students in Brownson Hall has necessitated the opening up of an additional study-hall, which is situated on the third floor of the Main Building.

—It will be pleasing news to the students to learn that the University grounds will soon be illuminated. Professor Green and the class in Electrical Engineering are about to establish a system of arc-lighting.

—During the past few weeks those engaged in the Book and Stationery Department of the Students' Office have been put to much annoyance owing to a misunderstanding among the students regarding the office hours. There is really no excuse for this on the part of the students. Near the entrance to the office are two framed time-tables containing instructions printed in characters so large that even he who runs may read. We give the contents of one of them for the benefit of the less observant, and we hope the information will not be disregarded in the future.

STATIONERY OFFICE HOURS.

For Brownson, Sorin, Corby, St. Joseph and Holy Cross Halls:

9.30 to 10 a. m., Thursdays excepted.

9 to 9.30 a. m., Thursdays.

3 to 3.30 p. m., Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

For Carroll Hall.

4 to 4.30 p. m., Mondays, Tuesdays, Saturdays.

8.30 to 9.30 a. m., Thursdays.

Students of the different departments will please make note of the hours assigned to their respective Halls and arrange to procure stationery, shop orders and other necessities at the proper time.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening. Recitations by Masters Rousseau, Berteling and Shannon were well rendered. The violin duet by Henry Wenter and George Ziebold elicited rounds of applause. The orchestra was up to its usual

excellence. Masters McDermott, Carragher, Randle and McGowan were admitted as members. Refreshments were then served, after which the meeting adjourned.

—A special to the SCHOLASTIC from Carlisle, Pa., says that the Dickinson College football team of that place tried the flying wedge on a herd of cattle the other day; the football men came out at the tail end of the horn and off at the horn end of the bull. The bull objected to the bright red and white jerseys, and he bucked center in demoralizing style.

The Minims say Red Salmon could have bucked the bull off the boards if he'd been there.

—It's about time for the members of the various Halls to get together and learn the college yells. To the old students belongs the duty of attending to this matter. With the increased number of students we ought to have some good rooting on Cartier Field this season. There is nothing gives more encouragement to the home team than to know that they have a loyal crowd of students backing them, and how are we to show our loyalty but by rooting for them from start to finish? Get together, fellows, elect yell masters, and let us make the country for miles around echo our glorious "U. N. D."

—The Inter-Hall Team played its first game of the season last Thursday at South Bend against the strong High School team of that place. The game was more in the nature of practice for the Inter-Hallers than a real scuffle, as the High School lads were unable to withstand the attacks of the Hall men. The Inter-Hallers piled up a total of thirty-five points without much effort. Wm. O'Phelan, Hogan and Toner did some spectacular playing. The first named got into every play and scored two touchdowns on long runs, while O'Phelan, Hogan and Toner did some good work in carrying the ball. The game proved that the Inter-Hallers have a strong team. Manager Clarke expect to arrange a game with the winners of the Cook County Championship. Games are also pending with Toledo and Fort Wayne.

—The weekly classes in Parliamentary Law were resumed last Wednesday. Freshmen of the English, Classical, History and Economics Courses and Preparatory Law students meet in the Brownson reading room at 1 p. m. on Wednesdays. Sophomores of the preceding courses and Junior Law students meet in the Brownson reading room at 2 p. m. These classes have been placed in charge of Mr. Sherman Steele, a distinguished graduate and member of Notre Dame's first Varsity Debating Team. The question for debate at the next meeting of the Sophomores is: Resolved, That Labour Unions are a Benefit to the Labouring Class. This question is very interesting just at present on account of the

numerous strikes throughout the country. Messrs. D. O'Connor and Robinson will support the affirmative and Messrs. Lonergan and Kemper, the negative side of the question. Juniors and Seniors of the English, Classical, and History and Economics Courses, and Senior Law students will meet in Washington Hall at 2 p. m. on Wednesdays. Mr. Murphy of the Law department will be the instructor, and he will also have in charge a division of the one o'clock class. Subjects for debate will be made known during the coming week.

—The Main Buildingites gave a smokerless smoker last Thursday evening, and celebrated the opening of their new study-hall. Invitations were sent broadcast for the occasion, but Admiral Boots and the Hon. Mr. Fansler were conspicuous by their absence, which served to put the crowd in joyous spirits. The members and their guests were early in arriving, for it was rumored that the famous Houtenany Mouth Organ Orchestra, composed of Messrs. Ill, O'Neill, and O'Connor, had been engaged for the evening. The orchestra played classical music only—i. e., it sounded that way—and gave their photographs away free of charge after each number.

John the first was Master of Ceremonies and gave each guest to understand that he had attended such functions before. He also introduced himself and J. Pierpont O'Relay to the multitude with a complacency that would have startled Louis the 39th, if he ever lived. A. B. Ill and his mouth organ carried by seven men came in ten minutes late and were received with absolute silence. The excitement about this time was intense and the windows had to be raised.

Joe Hogan was the hero of the evening; he talked much about himself and loudly, and the wiser members went to sleep during his cannonade. O'Neill sat over in a corner during Hogan's oratorical murderism, and smoked his first cigar. After Hogan talked for two hours, O'Neill became hazy and had to be carried out to the pump by A. B. Ill and his escort.

As the evening drew to a close Sam Willard jumped up on a table and volunteered to sing. Everybody objected but Dr. Pino, so Sam sang: "Please go 'way and let me sing," His effort was received with much wonder and scraping of feet. Dr. Pino was then called upon. The genial doctor arose, and after wiping the tears from his cheeks gave the history of his life in detail and in Spanish. During his talk the fire department broke into the room and put an end to the festivities. As the guests were leaving J. Pierpont got up on his ear and recited the following yell, while his partner, Ill, went through the crowd:

Is Killy I skilly,

Wah, Wah, Wah!

Main Building, Main Building,

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!